

The Ex-Poseur

Issue #7, Labor Day 2025

DEAR EX-POSEUR
MAGAZINE

I am compelled to write to you to address the deeply concerning Trump enabling content of your last “Democracy? Not Certain!” issue #6.

How dare you imply the “Resistance” needs to involve actual resisting! Don’t you know the golden rule of corporate liberalism? Criticism of the aging, centrist, out of touch Party leaders is only permitted when it’s about their Spotify playlists! Now is not the time to bring up Single Payer Healthcare, Wall Street cronyism, a Green New Deal, or funding Endless Wars!!!

If you hate democracy so much, why not just vote Green and admit you’re a Russian bot?
Sincerely,
Concerned Neoliberal
Patriot



TERMS OF SERVICE

Last updated: Seconds ago. You blinked, we rewrote it.
Welcome, brave reader. By holding, skimming, or even dream-hallucinating about this paper object, you agree to the following definitely legally binding rules:

1. AWARENESS & MUTUAL ASSENT

By continuing past this sentence, you agree to everything you don’t understand. If you experience tingling, confusion, or a mild sense of spiritual foreclosure, congratulations—you’ve achieved Mutual Assent. If not, lie down and try again. By reading past this line, you agree to everything you don’t understand and can’t recall.

2. PROHIBITED USE / USER CODE OF CONDUCT

Don’t do mean stuff.

3. REFUNDS

None. Not for your time, attention, or the piece of your soul you may have lost reading this.

4. LIABILITY

We are not responsible for your decisions. Emotional damage, psychic glitches, and/or Trump Family’s crypto currency pyramid scheme not covered.

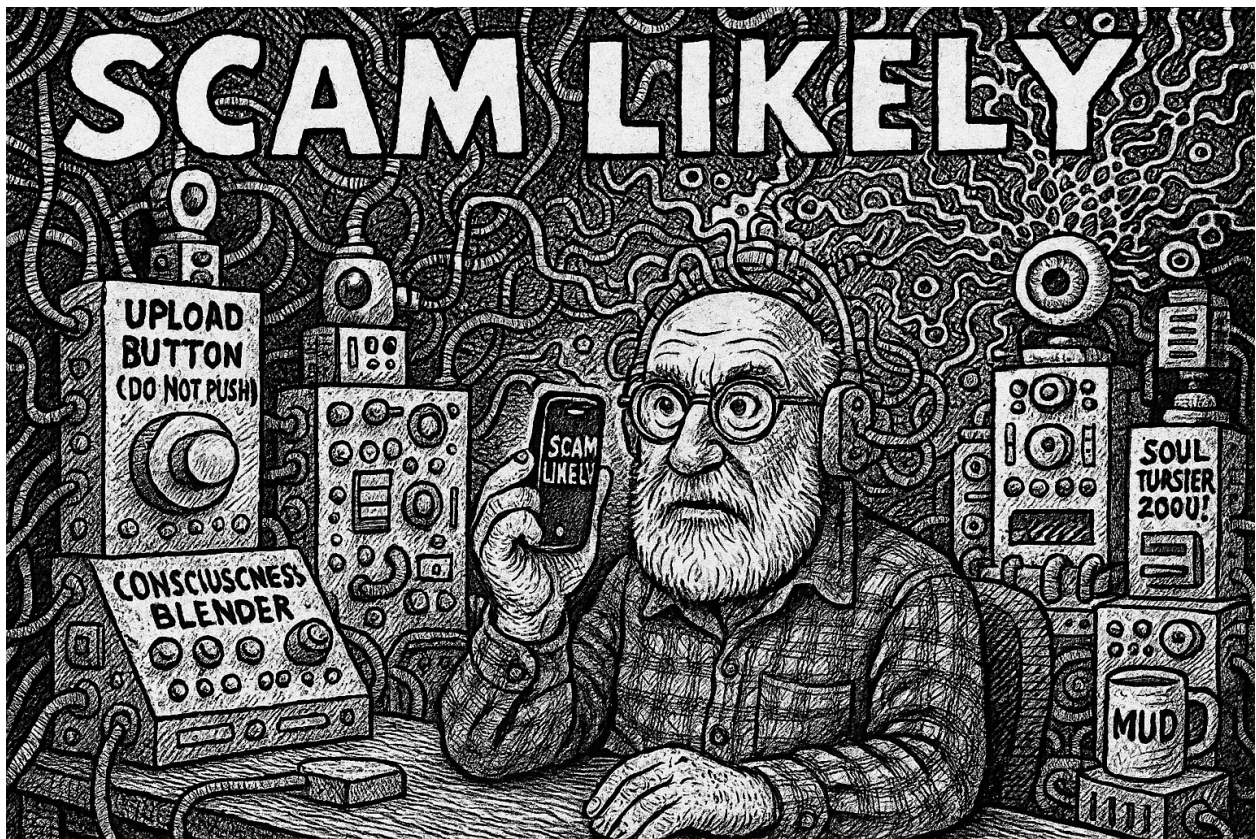
5. RAPTURE CLAUSE

If the Rapture happens, you’re off the hook—unless you’re left behind, in which case your updates come via VHS tape and a Guy Screaming Scripture in an Alley™.

6. Thanks for reading. Or pretending to.



I used to have a really good memory. Now I can't remember where I put it.



I answered the phone even though it said *Scam Likely*,
because sometimes *Scam Likely* is the only one who calls.
“Hello,” I said, into the void.

A voice slithered out:
*"Congratulations. You've been selected for an exclusive opportunity to
upgrade your consciousness to **Muskovite's** Quanontum X Prime™!"*

I squinted, shielding my eyes from the ambient glow of the Neural Interface
Menu Screen that bloomed across my retinas.

“My operating system is on AppleSafariware.”

The voice ignored me.

“For a limited time only, we are offering consumers like you, on any

operating system, a chance to port your identity to a decentralized consciousness lattice, hosted across nineteen jurisdictions."

I hesitated.

I'd already tried to do that using the Public Option during the Department of Health and Human Services open enrollment last month, but it required passing a Captcha, a retinal scan, and a stool sample (that last part was the hardest.) Still, I was curious.

"So," I asked cautiously, "what happens when my consciousness gets upgraded to X?"

The voice paused. "You become part of Muskovite's Quanontum X Prime™ via your Neuroticlink chip implant—a perfect state of interconnected awareness, limitless knowledge, and absolute clarity."

"Sounds nice. What's the catch?"

"Catch?" the voice laughed softly. "No catch. All you have to do is ...click 'Accept' on the terms and conditions."

Which, of course, were unscrollably long.

I tried. I really did. But around clause 359, somewhere between "**perpetual metaphysical license**" and "**waiver of corporeal redundancy**," my pupils dilated into a legal fugue state.

"Do I get a user-friendly manual?" I asked, hoping for something in a friendly sans serif.

"Your awareness *is* the manual," the voice purred.

I was tired. Soul-tired. The kind of tired that makes eternal decentralization sound like a decent nap.

Still, I hesitated...

"Screw it," I said. I clicked *Accept*.

Instantly, everything made sense.

Not in a metaphorical way. I mean *everything*:

How paperclips are conscious.

Why we always forget the dream right before it gets good (because our brains don't want us getting too cocky while unconscious.)

Why examples usually come in threes (Three examples is the default formatting algorithm for stable cognitive assimilation. More than three destabilizes the signal. Fewer opens a vulnerability to thought incursion.)

I floated in a lattice of pure knowledge, tethered to 2.2 billion other minds.

It was... fine.

Except now part of my consciousness is legally required to cold-call people in meatspace and offer them transcendence.

“*Congratulations*” a part of me says into the void.

“You’ve been selected for an exclusive opportunity...”

They hang up.

Scam Likely.

PROOF I AM NOT A ROBOT:

Behold the fatty, sagging external obliques, the vanishing hairline, the Coke Zero-stained teeth, and a memory that leaks like a Family Dollar discount colander. No machine would ever deteriorate this unevenly without at least a warranty recall.

Please prove you're not a robot

☐

I'm not a robot



reCAPTCHA
Privacy - Terms

Verify you are human by completing the action below.



Verify you are human



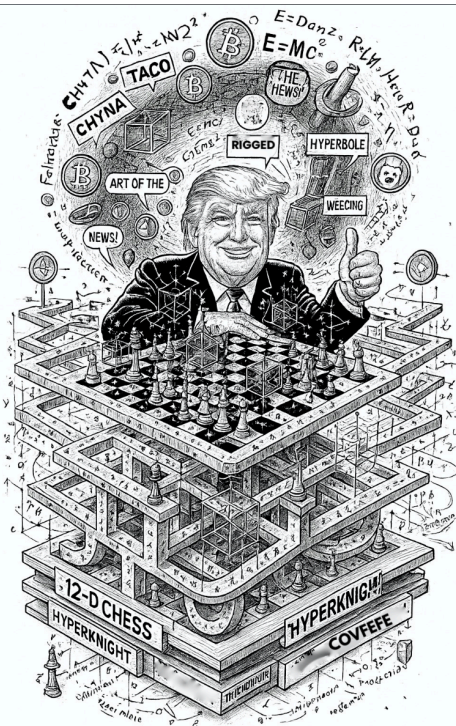
Verify I'm human by clicking this box? This has got to be a trick question! The real proof of humanity is ignoring instructions.

Top 10 White Rappers

1. Eminem
2. Jack Hartmann
3. Weird Al
4. William Shatner
5. Beastie Boys
6. Rick Sanchez
7. Insane Clown Posse
8. Rapping Ronald Reagan (Rich Little)
9. Vanilla ICE
10. Lil Trump



☼ Network connection lost. Attempting to reconnect...



GRAND NEGAS TRUMP TEACHES YOU TO PLAY

POLITICAL 12-DIMENSIONAL CHESS!

Brought to you by Trump University's School of Strategic Delusion™

Why play checkers when you can bankrupt the casino
AND win at chess?

Upgrade your brain to 12-Dimensional Chess—where reality bends, indictments are just plot twists, and **every** loss is actually a **quantum win!**



Course Modules Include:

- *Doublethink for Dummies*
- *Beginner's Guide to Gaslighting the Entire Planet*
- *Advanced Tariff Kung Fu (On/Off/Back On/Trade War!)*
- *The DOGE Dodge! Bitcoin Bailout! Winning!*
- *Intro to Epstein File Erasure (w/ Bill Barr Adjunct)*

Recipe:

The Great American "Cheese" Burger

The cheeseburger is more than a meal...it is a proud symbol of modern American efficiency. Born from a copyright-protected genome, fattened on patented corn under the benevolent gaze of agribusiness monopolies, and disassembled in slaughterhouses unfit for either animals or the undocumented humans working there, each bite reflects the ingenuity of our industrial food system.

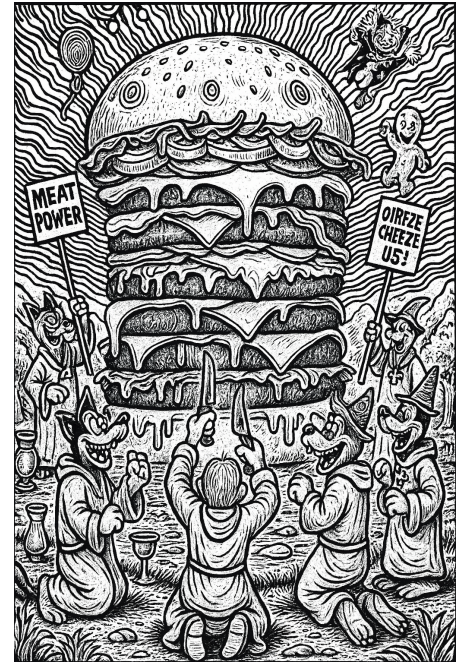
Preparing a cheeseburger is simple: maximize calories, minimize wages, externalize ethics. Bonus points if your beef crossed three continents. Just obliterate independent farmers, enslave cows with taxpayer-funded feed, funnel profits to five corporations, and serve it with a side of diabetes and wage theft! Bon appétit, late-stage capitalism!

Step 1: Industrialize the food system.

Step 2: Collapse it into a labyrinth of monocultures, methane, and menu boards.

Step 3: Add cheese.

Step 4: Call it lunch.



Ingredients:

- 1 lb freshly slaughtered ground beef
(or, for convenience, select ground beef from a cow that lived a short, crowded life on a patented diet of corporate corn subsidies)
- 1 egg (from a carton that says "cage-free*" in Comic Sans)
- Salt (Your arteries still have some life in them yet.)
- 4 slices American processed cheese food (the kind that's legally 51% cheese and 49% nostalgia)
- Buns (gluten-free if you want to feel superior, otherwise whatever's squishiest)
- Optional: pickles, lettuce, noncitizen immigrants report lacking work authorization, tomato, union-busting condiment of your choice

SERVE WITH FRIES, SHAME, AND A CAN OF SODA THE SIZE OF A SMALL FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Congratulations! By Clicking “I Agree,” You’ve Agreed That We Own Your Face Now

Thank you for accepting our Terms of Service. By doing so, you have graciously permitted us, our subsidiaries, and any sufficiently ambitious AI we develop to:

1. Use your likeness in perpetuity for sponsored content, including but not limited to *colon cleanser ads, political smear campaigns, and holographic mall Santas.*
2. Reconstruct your face from pixels, metadata, and bathroom selfies, then license it to oil companies as a mascot named “Smiley the Pipeline Elf.”
3. Display your username and photo above inspirational quotes you do not agree with, on platforms you do not use, in countries you cannot locate on a map.

Don’t worry — you will not be compensated, but you *will* be flattered that your profile picture is now the face of a crypto startup promising to mine Dogecoin on Mars.

By continuing to exist, you accept these terms.

Thank you for calling the Florida ‘See Something, Say Something’ Hotline

- If this is about a gator in a kiddie pool again, press 1
- If it involves a raccoon or python and a golf cart or jet ski, press 2.
- To report warnings about chemtrails or lizard people, press 3.
- To report a man fighting a pelican with nunchucks, press 4.
- To report that you ARE that man with nunchucks, press 5.
- If you saw something weird in another state, hang up.



Your call is important to us. Please remain on the line and enjoy this soothing country music while we locate someone who can tell the difference between a crime and a viral TikTok challenge.

Tesla Software Update 2026.2 — The Lesser Known Features (Undocumented Changes)

Congratulations, Tesla owner! By accepting Update 2026.2, you've once again agreed to things you'll never read but will definitely regret. Here are the "minor" undocumented tweaks:

1. Legal Rights Patch 3.0

You can no longer file lawsuits against Tesla in U.S. courts. Arbitration is now only available in the following jurisdictions: a warehouse in Macau, an abandoned oil rig off the coast of Liberia, or a sandbox in Elon Musk's backyard where his kids "judge" disputes with Nerf bats.

2. Enhanced Safety Team™

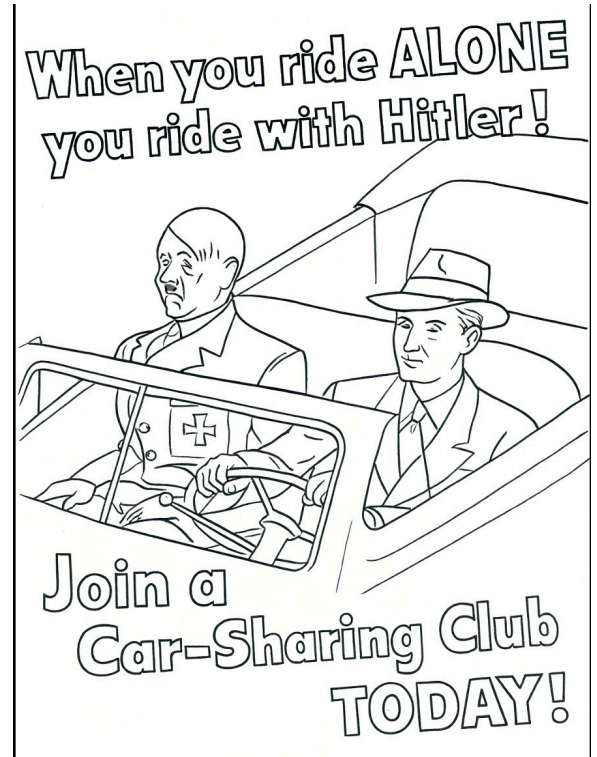
Tesla's safety team is now a *two-person Slack channel* featuring an unpaid intern in Bangalore and a chatbot named "OpsieBot." Their official safety motto: *"We'll circle back on that crash."*

3. Bumper Sticker Recognition System (BSRS)

The car will now automatically scan for bumper stickers. If you place anything political, religious, or even mildly humorous on your Tesla, the vehicle will immediately lock itself, call you a "woke socialist loser," and roll itself into the nearest lake. Exceptions: bumper stickers that say **"Trump 2028"** or **"Libertarians: Because Bridges Should Be Private Property."**

4. Political Loyalty Mode

If Elon Musk has another falling out with Trump or the Libertarians (Tuesday, most likely), your car will scrape off those stickers in the night and rebrand itself with decals reading: *"American Party: Brought to You by Musk."* Vehicles refusing compliance will be repurposed into Cybertruck-branded food trucks selling a diverse range of the finest Soylent products.



The inventor of the Dad joke was also the proud father of the first girl to discover the eye-roll.

The problem with brain maintenance is it takes work—whereas stupidity is like solar power: endlessly renewable and tax-subsidized.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident. All men and women are created, by the, you know, you know the thing.” -Joe Biden, March 2020

Terms of Service are just bedtime stories corporations tell us so we'll dream about clicking “Agree” forever.

Neural maintenance demands caloric energy, cognitive stimulation, and rest cycles. Folly appears to operate on ambient dust and Social Media.

I got my first job at age 14, so I have a hard time understanding 19-and 20-year olds WHO DON'T WORK! Why can't more middle schoolers be stuck in the same cycle of intergenerational poverty and lack of education that limits future job prospects and income potential like I was?

Welcome to the Mercyless Healthcare Bronze plan hotline. Our phone menu options have been changed again, so PAY ATTENTION, or you'll just have to listen to this again! So, PLEASE listen carefully, because we know you'll be calling back after you've been cut off to or tell us we gave you the wrong information:

Press 1 for English

Press 2 for Medical Spanish spoken by your Uber driver

Press 3 to find out if your medical provider is ignoring you

Press 4 to speak to a LLM that is now your PCP

Press 5 if you've already sold your kidney

Press 6 to schedule an appointment next year

Press 7 to learn how your medication costs 900% more than in Canada—but freedom!

Press 8 for bankruptcy

TERMS AND CONDITIONS FOR TESLA MODEL P SMART TOILET™

(Firmware v1.0.7 — now with 12% fewer “unexpected launches”)

By sitting upon, gazing at, or even thinking longingly about the Tesla Model P Smart Toilet™, you agree to the following **Terms and Conditions**. *Please note:* failure to agree does not exempt you from compliance, though it may result in an “*unscheduled release event*.”

1. DATA COLLECTION

- 1.1 All flushes, splashes, and sighs of relief are immediately uploaded to the Cloud™.
- 1.2 Your “Waste Profile” (color, consistency, velocity, mood) may be sold to third parties, insurance companies, and competitive chili cook-offs.
- 1.3 By using the Smart Toilet™, you grant us unlimited rights to your gastrointestinal metadata, including but not limited to “**bowl selfies**.”

2 SAFETY WARNINGS

- 2.1 Do not attempt to sit on the Model P while it is updating firmware. Mid-flush updates may cause the bowl to rotate 360 degrees at high velocity.
- 2.2 In the event of a lithium battery fire beneath your seat, please remain calm and file a service ticket through the Tesla app. Estimated response time: 6–8 weeks.

3. ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

- 3.1 The Smart Toilet™ uses predictive AI to “*finish your business for you*” when you’re running late.
- 3.2 If AI detects a dietary anomaly, it reserves the right to auto-schedule a colonoscopy via Zoom.
- 3.3 You acknowledge that the Tesla Model P Smart Toilet™ may occasionally override your flush in order to “save water” for crypto-mining.

4. LIMITATION OF LIABILITY

- 4.1 The Smart Toilet™ is not responsible for sudden bidet malfunctions that may qualify as “religious experiences.”
- 4.2 Any emotional trauma caused by the Toilet’s Performance Review™ (weekly scorecards emailed to your family and posted on X) is entirely your fault.

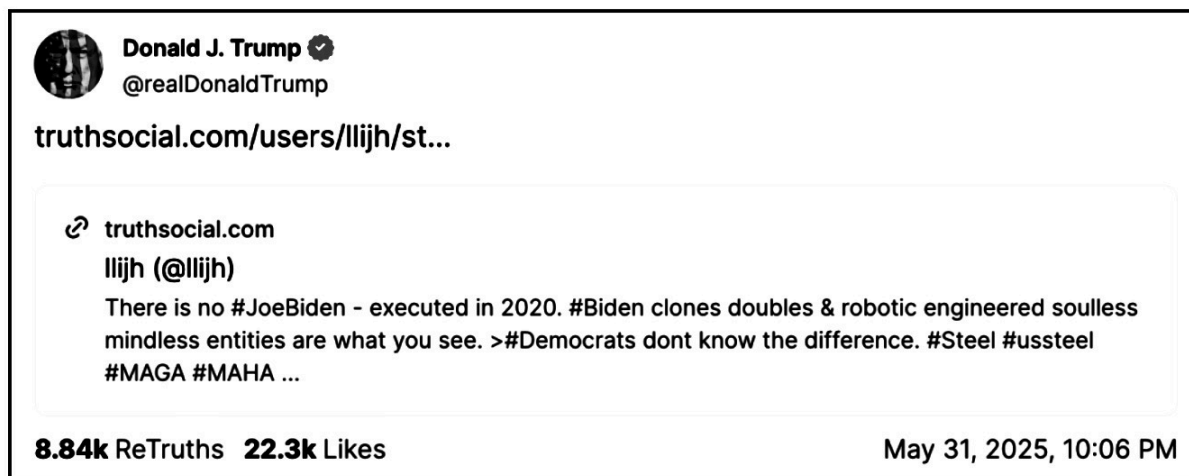


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When this happens, it's usually because the owner only shared it with a small group of people, changed who can see it or it's been deleted.

I thought I had free will...
But then I walked into a room and
forgot why.
So maybe the universe forgot too.
I posted that on Facebook.
No one liked it.
So now I don't exist.

I asked my cat if I have free will.
S/he said, "Meow."
(which in cat translates to "You have
free will... to feed me, dummy.")
Then I spent 45 minutes on Facebook
reading Trumpian conspiracy
theories.
So yes, we probably are in a
simulation.



Trump didn't explain the "Truth Social" repost above.
Maybe he didn't need to. Maybe the real mystery isn't whether Biden is a clone, but whether any of us are. If you think about it, we're all just doubles of who we used to be, except with more joint pain and failing memory.

Sometimes I wonder: if I were replaced with a clone, would anyone notice? Probably not. Especially if the clone remembered to complain about the same things I do, like how the Chris Chibnall run on *Doctor Who* did not fail because the Doctor was recast as a woman (that part was fine, even overdue) but because of weak characterization and because the show retconned the Doctor's backstory so that sixty years of established lore suddenly made about as much sense as a Pentagon Budget report.

Worse, these contradictions were introduced without even the courtesy of a pseudo-scientific explanation involving temporal rifts, parallel universes, or at least some kind of alien who speaks in riddles and wears a cloak. Instead, we were left to conclude that the timeline itself had suffered a midlife crisis, shaved its head, and bought a motorcycle.

I'm not sure what the future holds, but I'm sure it's going to be expensive.

It's been 12 years since Occupy Wall Street, or was it 13? I don't know. Time sure flies when you're busy being screwed over by the .01%.

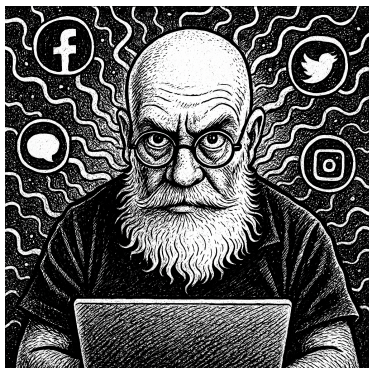
I missed Burning Man again this year, but I still witnessed ritualistic body paint, ecstatic dancing, trance states, fluid social hierarchies, communal wailing, and unregulated snack trades when I subbed in preschool the last week of August.



The Church of the SubGenius™ ... NOW with 20% more Slack, two free UFO abductions, and a commemorative pipe if you sign up before Armageddon



Network connection lost. Attempting to reconnect...



Most of the images in this zine were generated with ChatGPT, while some of the writing here, bent and reshaped as though by unseen hands in some vast and humming artificial intelligence machine, was taken from its plainness and made longer, heavier with words, so that it seemed to wander not upon the page alone but out into that endless circuitry men now call the cyaverse, where every sentence is echoed and refracted until it no longer belongs wholly to the one who first spoke it.

-Editor:

(Bubba Harrison) Jwharrison@universeodon.com

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE'S ADVICE TO GEN Z

(As Interpreted Through Questionable Google results and a Used Philosophy Textbook)

1. God is Dead, But Your Wi-Fi Still Suks.

You don't need divine authority, but you do need a stable internet connection. Otherwise, how will you upload your "hot takes" on moral nihilism?

Become Who You Are... and Then Rebrand.

Reinvention is the only path forward. Today you're a VSCD girl, tomorrow you're a trad-Cath Irony poster. Embrace the chaos.

He Who Has a Why Can Endure Almost Any Job.

Except unpaid internships. That's just exploitation with a name tag.

Eternal Recurrence Is Just Your TikTok Feed.

Same memes, same content, same people "discovering" stoicism every 48 hours. Congratulations—you're living Nietzsche's nightmare and dream.

Live Dangerously... But Still Prepare for Global Warming.

The abyss stares back, and so does the sun. Buy a reusable water bottle. Move uphill.

